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Tommy's Pal—The "John Bull" Pen. *See Page 10.*

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIV. No. 634. SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1918. TWOPENCE.

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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THE SPIRIT OF EVENING.

THE quietness of day's end is falling throughout street and lane. Traffic is at its lowest ebb and the road openness extends an invitation all its own to you.

"Get your bicycle out" it seems to say, "and take a spin for your health's sake."

You go to answer the call. Your machine is fitted with Dunlop tyres and they're just as firm and ready for service as you left them on Monday evening.

You do your eight or ten miles and you fall asleep as soon as your head touches the pillow.

Dunlop

Are YOU employing a disabled man?

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIV. No. 634. Week ending Saturday, July 27th, 1918. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

"Hoch, Hoch, Foch!"

Events of the past three years have taught us to be cautious, but we find ourselves constantly humming these words—taking the poetic licence of making them rhyme. If only he can keep it up—what a "Fourth" it will be!

Government Changes.

The most satisfactory feature of the latest reshuffle, as it is appropriately called—Politics at present being a mere game—is that Lord Robert Cecil leaves the Ministry of Blockade. The most *un*satisfactory one is that Leverton Harris remains in the Ministry.

Where is that Writ?

By the way, we still await that writ—or must we force the hands of the "Honourable" member a bit more? *We have plenty of material.*

Pilots Waiting.

At a certain aerodrome the other day we found a dozen fully-qualified pilots hanging about for want of machines. Come, ye aeroplane builders—get a move on!

Those Enemy Princes.

Excuse our asking the question again—but what *is* the Privy Council doing in this matter? It will be remembered that by the usual method of parliamentary camouflage, it was left to this body to put the new Act into operation. Perhaps they haven't been told about it yet.

Honest Workmen!

The other day we were "somewhere in the Home Counties," where the Treasury Notes and Stamps are printed; and we learnt that although a thousand millions in value has been turned out, there has not been one case of a note or stamp being stolen. *And there is no system of search at the works.*

Five Shilling Notes.

By the way, these are coming almost immediately. Wonder whether we shall ever have gold currency again?

That Libel Action.

Let us thank the many readers who have sent congratulations on the result of our recent libel action. Wish we could acknowledge personally all the letters. Here are specimens. A well-known clergyman says: "Your splendid utterances have endeared you to us and should have silenced your critics." And we rather like this: "I am an old Crimean soldier, in my 84th year, and I say there is scarcely a constituency but would welcome you with open arms." And there are many more of the kind.

An Undesirable Alien.

We refer to Mr. Edward George Heyl a Prussian, born in Berlin, and now living, we believe, at Roehampton. Our dossier is at the disposal of the authorities.

Pity Us!

"Poor Mr. Bottomley," says *Common Sense*—"his honest, simple and confiding nature has been sadly played upon by politicians." We are neither simple nor confiding.

One to Us.

Which reminds us that when in the House of Commons we once referred to a certain member as our "Honourable friend," and he shouted out "Don't call me *your* honourable friend," we replied—"Mr. Speaker, I beg to withdraw the adjective."

"Be Sugared."

Who is responsible for the withdrawal of all sugar supplies from Y.M.C.A. huts and canteens? At one place, in Southport, we hear of 1,300 wounded soldiers, who have been in the habit of receiving free teas, being now compelled to drink it "neat." Like the tea itself, the official responsible should be "sugared."

East Finsbury.

The one definite lesson which emerges from this result—as, indeed, it does from every contested by-election nowadays—is that when the Party Truce comes to an end, and Libs., Rads. and Labs. again oppose each other, it will be a walk-over for the Independent candidates. Which is tidings of comfort and joy.

Business M.P.s.

Thus we attach little importance to the talk about the New Parliament being flooded by Labour members. We would rather pin our faith on the influx of Business men—and in this connection we notice that Col. Grant Morden, Canada's foremost commercial magnate in this country, has been definitely adopted as candidate for the new Division of Chiswick and Brentford. Congratulations to Chiswick and Brentford.

Minster Chimes.

Preaching the other day at York Minster, from the text "He spoke as one having authority, and not as the Scribes," Canon Bell paid us the compliment of saying that "JOHN BULL was without doubt the most widely-read publication in the country, and its opinions had great weight with the masses because it spoke with convincing authority, with directness and distinctness." We thank Canon Bell for these sweet Minster chimes

A Sinister Scheme.

There is a growing volume of opinion that the calling-up of elderly men is a subtle scheme to destroy small private businesses—to the advantage of co-operative and other stores. Can it be true?

Coming Round.

It is amusing to observe how some of the papers which sneered at the appointment of Foch as Generalissimo in France are now shouting themselves hoarse over his recent wonderful feats.

A Book of Reference.

"On three occasions recently," says a correspondent "in the reference Library of the British Museum, I have found persons consulting the files of JOHN BULL; once when there were only two people there, one was surrounded by volumes of your journal." There are some intelligent students about.

The British Museum.

By the way, speaking of the British Museum, do you know that it owes its existence to a lottery, of which the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker of the House of Commons of the day were trustees and managers? And yet our Government shies at Premium Bonds!

Surely a Slip.

All honour to the *Daily Mail* for its public-spirited offer of a £10,000 reward for flying the Atlantic—which we suppose we shall all be doing for week-ends in a few years' time. Surely, however, it is a slip of the pen which declares the competition open to "pilots of *any* nationality." Or is it proposed to allow some of our German pilot prisoners to compete?

The Hidden Hand.

Just a mem.: Lord Robert Cecil's father, Lord Salisbury, ceded Heligoland to the Kaiser; Mr. Balfour, Lord Salisbury's nephew, was guarantor for Laszlo—and Leverton Harris is Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Blockade, which, in the person of Lord Robert, allowed those Dutch convoys to flout Britain, to say nothing of cotton and contraband.

That O. B. E.

Our recent par about the abuse of this "democratic" Order has brought us much interesting information, which confirms our opinion that the "honour" has been scattered indiscriminately. One man who got it was a contractor who was in the habit of advertising "certain exemption" for men in his employ—whilst a whole host of Army dodgers have secured it!

Thou Shalt Not—Sit.

It appears to be a fairly general rule that hospital nurses must not sit down while on duty. Common humanity has insisted on the provision of seats for shop assistants. Unless nurses are to be considered as belonging to a lower species of being, it is difficult to understand why similar occasional comfort is denied them.

Amazing "Law."

According to the learned Town Clerk of Winchester, whose opinion has been upheld by the local Magistrates, the fact that coupons are missing from a meat card is evidence that they have been used for the purchase of meat. So strongly did the Justices hold this view, that they actually fined a Winchester citizen £20, although there was not a scintilla of proof that he had made improper use of the coupons left on a meat card of a servant no longer in his employment!

A Child's Death Trap.

The death-trap is on the Thames Embankment, at Gresvenor Road. It is a gate, supposed to guard granite steps leading dow to the fatal river, but that gate is ever open, and light-hea ted, thoughtless little ones play on those steps—on the brink of death. Only the other Sunday the gross carelessness of that open gate led to the death of two young children, snatched from light and laughter by the greedy Thames. The spot should be guarded—useful work for one of the police-women who now parade Wilton Road.

A Square Peg.

They were eight brothers, all in the Army. The youngest, a miner, enlisted voluntarily when only 17. After three years he was transferred to a Labour Corps, and made a builder of concrete ships. Recalled to the depot, he saw an Order inviting men previously employed in mines to fill up a form, with a view to returning to the pit. After he filled his form up, he was told he was an experienced agricultural labourer. He is now at a farm for the first time in his life, and thinks he is in the wrong shop. So do we.

To Stop Strikes.

The other day we heard an interesting story. One of the men in certain Government works, in an altercation with the foreman, used very foul language, and a young girl, working near, stopped up her ears,—whereupon she was struck in the face. Being reported to the manager, the fellow remained defiant, remarking, "If you sack me, 150 of my mates are waiting outside to down tools." The manager thereupon went straight to the men, told them the facts, and said, "Gentlemen, *I'm* not going to sack him—*I leave him to you.*" There was no strike.

A Clerical Grievance.

We would direct the attention of the Government to a grave injustice which is being done to patriotic parsons at the Front. Under the existing law, when a living falls vacant the Patron has six months within which to fill it, and failing his doing so the Bishop has a further similar period, but after that the Government have the right to nominate the incumbent. The result is that many livings to which Patrons are desirous of appointing men at the Front are being filled up by Government nominees with young skulkers at home, whilst the better men are risking their lives. This is all wrong.

For Fine Fat Fowls.

Chickens and fowls, like most else, are at extortionate prices—retailed at 2s. 4d. per lb. A farmer's wife had 50 fat hens, and she sends us the offer of a Newcastle firm of dealers:—"4s. 6d. to 5s. each for large fat hens." Yet the price to the consumer of one of those hens would be 16s. 4d.!

A Grave Complaint.

Our columns are open to the authorities of the young Women's Christian Association at Birmingham, if they care to offer any explanation of the circumstances in which a soldier's wife, stranded in the city, and obviously ill, was lately turned from the doors of one of their hostels. Our information is that the poor woman was subsequently admitted to another branch of the Y.W.C.A., where her treatment was of a most unsatisfactory description. Will somebody please explain?

Freedom for Prisoners.

There are three or four hundred German prisoners at Mill Hill, mostly employed on farms. The extraordinary thing (except that it seems to be almost ordinary) is that they go to and from work in lorries quite unguarded. Sometimes they are to be seen in motor cars. Escape would be easy, and a main railway line is quite close. The situation is one of danger, while the sight of the Huns lolling in lorries, to cover what should be a ten minutes' walk, is aggravating to crippled soldiers who have to use Shanks's pony.

Official Ignorance.

An officer's wife has been trying to obtain war-work. Calling at the Bureau of Information, she asked where were the headquarters of the Women's Legion. They had never heard of it. She proceeded to another "Bureau," where they were equally ignorant. "But," they suggested, "you might ask the porter with a grey beard, in the hall. He seems to know everything." However, his knowledge had its limits. He had never heard of the Women's Legion. But there was the Y.M.C.A. The lady might try that!

Anæmic Investments.

The "with profits" policies of the leading life assurance offices are a lean investment just now. Even such a gilt-edged concern as the Commercial Union Assurance Company "passes" its bonus with a light and airy grace, policy-holders being comforted with the assurance that, while for the present there are no profits to share, "it is intended to make another valuation not later than December 31st, 1922." It almost seems that, as things stand at present, the wisest procedure in life assurance matters, from the purely financial standpoint at any rate, is to die and have done with it, before bad goes to worse.

Fisher is an "Honourable."

The Hon. F. Fisher doesn't seem to put much store on the work done at the Front by our soldiers. For when a partially disabled man of good character, still in the Home Command as a Company Sergeant-major, at Thetford, Norfolk, takes rooms on Fisher's Kilverstone estate, for wife and family, and brings them down there at much expense, he, the Honourable, tells the lady who let the rooms that if she wants to keep the house she must turn the soldier's family out. Why? Because only men in the employ of Fisher may have the audacity to doss on the Honourable's estate! And there's a war on!

His Modest Ambition.

Some have been given the O.B.E. for little or nothing; some are wondering why they got it. One man thinks he could do with it. Nearly two years ago he extinguished an incendiary bomb, dropped during an air-raid in a munition factory full of explosive material. The firm presented him with 10s. If the O.B.E. would make this humble hero happy, we should like him to have it. He deserves it.

A Mock Vote.

The cranks of Leicester, and they are many, are taking a vote on Prohibition, engineered on lines of artfulness. They do not propose "closing licensed premises," but "simply suspending the sale of intoxicants for the Period of the War and Demobilisation," which is a distinction without a difference. Anybody over 18 is to vote, girls included—nobody barred except the men at the Front! The result will be a vote by cranks and teetotalers only, a record absolutely valueless.

A Nice Send-Off.

Arthur Whitton has been in the Army since August 4th, 1914. Being home for a brief space, this brave but "wicked" man committed the sin of using some petrol in a motor cycle, and was pulled up for that iniquity before the bigwigs at Coventry Police Court. Neither his services, nor the fact that he was "going to France to-morrow," had any weight with those Shallows. In their blundering, obtuse way they fined him 20s. and costs, a shameful impost upon a soldier.

Three Honest Boys.

Honest Boy No. 1 picked up a wallet near Romford. It contained £100 in notes. The owner rewarded him with £20. No. 2 found a packet at Wrabness, containing £189. The farmer who owned it said, "Thank you." In Sunday School a relative of his gave the lad 6d., and—told him to be a good boy. Boy No. 3 picked up a £15 wallet in Whitechapel. It was claimed by a Russian gentleman who keeps a fruit stall. He gave the boy six cherries. It seems to us that No. 1 Boy was the only one to meet a real man.

Monstrous Extortion.

The squire of a Wiltshire village has invented a neat way of dodging "Dora." Camps are near by, and wives, visiting their hubbies, take lodgings in the village. It is an unprecedented windfall for the cottagers, and the squire's greedy and covetous eye has been cast upon the scene. He dare not raise rents; that would be illegal. So he has introduced a sliding scale of payment per nob. For a lodger who is a private, or private's wife, he demands 3d. weekly; sergeant, 6d.; officer, 1s. Ingenious, but feudally oppressive.

Cut and Dried.

Sometimes one asks, like a conundrum, What is the difference between a Town Council's advertisement, and a job?—the answer occasionally being, None. Chelmsford Council advertised for an Assistant Overseer and Rate Collector. Afterwards it announced that no satisfactory replies had been received, so the two berths and the two salaries were split up between two gentlemen already employed as officers of the Council. We distinctly challenge the glib suggestion that no replies had been received from "persons with experience." On the contrary, we know of at least one candidate worth consideration—to say nothing of others.

M.A.B. and L.C.C.

Attendants at institutions under the Metropolitan Asylums Board are asking, more or less patiently, that they be paid at the same rate as attendants at asylums under the L.C.C. Though their duties are the same, the scale of pay is surprisingly different, and there does seem reason for levelling-up.

Quitting the Pacifists.

Three cheers for the Bakers' Union, who have joined the Sailors and Firemen, the Plumbers, the Moulders, and the Carpenters and Joiners in seceding from the Aberdeen Trades Council, because that body "no longer represents the rank and file of the working-class movement." Another slap in the eye for Ramsay Mac. and Philip Snowden. Go it, boys!

Swollen Costs.

Riding without a rear light, a discharged soldier at East Finchley encountered a couple of "specials," only one of whom appeared later at the Highgate Police Court to "prove" the charge. Dissatisfied with the evidence, the Bench adjourned the proceedings for the attendance of the other Special Constable, and when finally the defendant was fined 5s., he found himself saddled in addition with the "expenses" of both the amateur policemen, amounting to £1. Such exactions are entirely unwarrantable, and difficult to reconcile with the law providing that fines of not more than 5s. shall include the costs.

Beyond the Limit.

Who is to be the Government Controller of Milk? Answer: We don't KNOW. Only we sincerely hope that rumour lies in suggesting that the Chairman of the Milk Combine has an even chance. Such a betrayal of the interests of the consumer is surely inconceivable.

Who's Who?

May we inquire as to the name, nationality, and antecedents of the present occupants of the Manor Farm, Newbury, Berkshire? It appears that the Farm, situated in an important military neighbourhood, is a favourite alighting place for passing aeroplanes, and there are one or two other features of the situation that seem to call for explanation. Perhaps the military authorities at Didcot or Tidworth can enlighten us.

Another Queer Conchy.

Exeter has unearthed one more extraordinary thing in the shape of a Conchy—S. A. Chandler, who had a barrister to help him secure exemption, while he worked on the land. This special Object had been in prison for distributing pacifist literature, and claimed that as proof of his principles. Another principle of his—"under no circumstances whatever can he have anything to do with the military machine"—he proved by admitting that he took photographs of soldiers. But that was "in the course of his business"—to make money, in fact. It shows the nature of his Conscience pretty clearly.

Not the Only One.

Even when the comb does take a young man, it sometimes leaves him on one side, forgotten. It brought a young fellow of 24 from work in Scotland and for eleven weeks he has been kicking his heels in Loughborough, unable to get into the Army or into work. Had he been twenty years older, doubtless he would long ago have received his marching orders.

The Dickens War Memorial.

It was a characteristically thoughtful act of Sir Douglas Haig to sign the appeal for funds now being raised to establish the Charles Dickens Home for Blinded Soldiers, at St. Leonards-on-Sea. Mr. Crotch tells us that the scheme is progressing apace, but he would be glad of further donations, which should be sent to 14, Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, E.C.

The "Premium Bond" Scheme.

The whole of the shares in the Editor's model War Savings Prize Scheme having been taken up, a meeting of subscribers is about to be called, when the stock representing the subscriptions will be placed in the hands of trustees who will at once make arrangements to provide the Prize Fund—the drawing for which will take place in the presence of subscribers, unless in the meantime the Government accepts the invitation to take over the control of the Scheme.

A Holiday for Nothing.

Why not win a "Bullets" Holiday Prize and pay your expenses?

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Sir Auckland Geddes, M.P., Minister of National Service.

SIR,—At Market Weighton the other day a farmer's son was arrested, locked up for some hours, and finally brought before the Magistrates, as an absentee under the Military Service Acts. Evidently it was all a mistake—or, as the Magistrates said, "a strange and a very serious blunder." The man, it appears, was not liable for service, neither had he received any calling-up papers. Yet, at the hearing, no representative of the National Service Ministry was in attendance, the Court being left without the least explanation of the serious mistake which had occurred. This kind of thing won't do. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. M. Goodall, Furniture Dealer, Chiswick.

SIR,—Perhaps you couldn't help being born a Germhun, but it's no credit to you, anyway, and you should mind your "p's" and "q's." In my view, it was like your cheek, having escaped internment through your timely naturalisation in 1914, to apply to the Middlesex Tribunal for exemption in order that you might be free to carry on your business. However, the Tribunal decided against you, so there's an end to it. Now, if you are the man you claim to be, you'll have a chance to prove it. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Vanderbyl, "White Lilies," near Windsor.

DEAR VANDERBYL,—What a kindly lot you must be! Two girls are brought ashore at your place—one drowned, the other unconscious; and you can do nothing for either of them. Not only have you no clothes for the living girl to put on, but you cannot allow her to be carried in for her wet clothes to be taken off, a lady with you stating that "all the things are packed away." She, however, did lend a cloak, but snatched it away when the girl was removed. Only after the girl came to and implored you, would you telephone for a doctor. Are you sure it should be *Van?* JOHN BULL.

To the Proprietor, Tilley's Restaurant, Blackett Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

DEAR SIR,—I see *you* have been doing a bit of profiteering. I have before me a bill for a meal supplied at your establishment. Among the items I notice 1s. 6d. for each portion of peas, 6d. for each helping of potatoes, and 3s. for a taste of cold salmon. On the whole, I fancy you could have knocked off half the bill without being out-of-pocket on the transaction. A nice game, very. But mind you don't miss your step. JOHN BULL.

To His Honour Judge Rowland Rowlands, Swansea County Court.

DEAR YOUR HONOUR,—You have not been very long in your present office, but already you are earning golden opinions. Evidently you are bringing to your new duties, not merely a trained judicial mind, but a large sense of humanity, all too seldom met with in the purlieus of the law. If you go on as you are going, you will be a holy terror to tallymen, moneylenders, unscrupulous hire-purchase dealers and other greedy harpies who batten on the poor. Already your decisions in judgment summons cases reflect credit on your head and heart. More power to your arm! JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Thomas Wilson, 62, Raleigh St., Scarborough.

DEAR SIR,—Poultry-keeping is a useful and innocent hobby, but, really, that crowing cock of yours must have been a fearful nuisance to your neighbours, and I am not a bit surprised that the bird was reported to the "beaks." I am all for the liberty of the subject, but when a man keeps domestic pets that rouse the street at early dawn, it is time something was done about it, and I cannot pretend to be sorry that you were fined £1. As to your contention that your brother was part-owner, and ought to have been summoned with you, probably the Magistrates believed that the part of the cock belonging to you was the part that made the noise. JOHN BULL.

To R. A. Griffith, Esq., Stipendiary Magistrate, Merthyr.

DEAR CADI,—I suppose we ought to thank you for not having sent Goiner Morgan, a grocer, to prison for infringing the petrol restrictions by having given a lift in his trade motor-car to a tired woman and her two children, stranded "on the bare mountain" after losing the train—having instead dismissed the charge on payment of 6s. costs. But don't you think you might have censured that Paul Pry of a police-man who engineered the ridiculous charge? Such cases do not enhance respect for the law. JOHN BULL.

To the Tobacco Controller.

SIR,—A Cricklewood tobacconist, summoned recently for selling cigarettes at too high a price, threw the blame on to the wholesale dealer, by whom he alleged he had been overcharged. The wholesaler, in his turn, stated that he had been fleeced by the manufacturer. In the end the retailer was fined 20s., but it occurs to me that there is room for further inquiry as to where the profiteering began. Common fairness demands that the manufacturer and the wholesaler, no less than the small retail tobacconist, shall be answerable for the blackmailing of the public. See to it, please. JOHN BULL.

To the Lord Mayor of Liverpool.

MOST WORSHIPFUL ORATOR,—Blessed is the gift of the gab to the man that possesseth it, but it is beholden unto him that he shall use it in moderation. You had arranged a public reception of American troops on Independence Day, but your little luncheon party and the speeches thereat, including your own long and windy oration, delayed proceedings for an hour. Many thousand Liverpool citizens lined the streets, waiting, waiting and (oompy) thousand American soldiers were side-tracked up a by-street until grub and jaw-jaw were got through. Was it thoughtlessness, or had your watch gone wrong? JOHN BULL.

THAT KING'S MESSENGER.

A FURTHER INSTALMENT—WHAT IS THE FOREIGN OFFICE GOING TO DO?

UNDER the title, "Vice and the Victim," we last week sought to throw some light on a case which we frankly admit possesses a most unsavoury aspect.

But to stand idly by and see evil and injustice done merely because you are afraid of revealing unpleasant facts is not the right sort of attitude in these times. And having started upon this exposure of well-educated men, including a King's Messenger and one who was, until recently, if not now, an officer in the Royal Air Force, we propose to state the case against these men in more specific terms. There are other names which, if necessary, we shall reveal, but for the moment we are content to deal with "David" Stopford, King's Messenger, residing at the Carlton Hotel, and with Cecil Arthur Samter, who for some time had a bedroom at the Motor Club, and has lived at different intervals at the Savoy, the Piccadilly, and the Regent Palace Hotels.

In our last issue we gave the names of these two degenerates who, with others, did their best to seduce a young private in the Scots Guards from the paths of decency—men who for months were aware of the fact that he was defying discipline and rendering himself liable to a considerable term of imprisonment by absenting himself from duty. Read what was sworn to by the accused at the Court-Martial, as to the conduct of Samter:—

> Question: Did you tell this man Samter that you were going to get married and give up all that life—drinking, and so on?—Yes, I said I was going to get married. He was not very pleased at that; he was against marriage itself.
>
> Did he tell you that if you did that and went away out of his company, he would inform anybody, or anything of that sort?—Yes, he threatened me from time to time.
>
> Threatened you with what?—Threatened me that if I could not let him have my company he would give me away to the military authorities.
>
> The President: You mean if you gave up associating with him?—Yes.

And realise also the influence exerted by Samter, who, although in *mufti*, wore in his coat an officer's badge. In the words of the accused, he also "produced a pass which entitled him to 'pull' on the military or civil police for protection."

If what we have stated be untrue, these men, whose names we have published, have their remedy. But if our facts *are* facts, then it is the duty of the authorities to act without further hesitation. At the time of writing, nothing has been done. It is true that certain inquiries have been made of us, but where the character and honour of a King's Messenger are concerned there is no room for red-tape. Either this man Stopford is reputable or he is not. We declare him to be, by his vile practices and evil reputation—he is notorious in certain coteries in the West End of London—unfitted for the confidential and often dangerous office of King's Messenger. Surely this man, who is employed by the Foreign Office, should be at once suspended from his duties pending further inquiries. How he has been able to live his dirty life so long without check passes our comprehension. A man in a humbler sphere who was guilty of the practices which this man Stopford has carried on for years would have been laid by the heels long ago. Can you wonder that the average decent man believes there is some influence which shields these creatures who defy decency and fly in the face of our social conventions?

So far as lies in our power we are determined to cut out the cancer which is festering in our great city, and we call upon the authorities to do their duty. Young soldiers, led away in the first instance by the lure of drink and afterwards corrupted by a plentiful display of money, have a right to be protected from men, their so-called superiors, who are ready to use them for their own vile ends. And it must not be forgotten that the patronage and friendship of men holding rank such as that of a King's Messenger or of officer in His Majesty's forces, is an added temptation to private soldiers. To be made drunk overnight and to awake in bed in the morning to a consciousness of hideous guilt is an experience, dark and defiling, to which no young man should be subjected—if the law and its vigorous operation can prevent it. One of the officers who it is declared aided towards the undoing of this private soldier now serving a period of detention for the offence of absence without leave was a Lieutenant-Surgeon on one of His Majesty's ships; another was an Army Captain, an Inspector of Canteens; a third was a Major in the Coldstream Guards; a fourth a Captain in the Wiltshire Regiment, and another was a Lieutenant in the Air Force. But for the moment the names we publish are those of Stopford and Samter.

Not the least remarkable part of this unsavoury story is the immunity enjoyed by this Scots Guardsman so long as he was prepared to "lead the life," and until he determined to break away from his degraded and despicable companions. Again we ask, How was it that he was not arrested until he had offended against the "moral" code of these degenerates by getting married? And once more we ask, Who gave the information at Wellington Barracks which prompted someone in authority to send down two sergeants to make this private a prisoner? We are still awaiting a reply and also to see these men laid by the heels.

THE MUNITIONS PERIL.

TRUE ORIGIN OF RECENT AEROPLANE DISPUTE.

Unless the authorities are careful, the present unrest may lead to further trouble in the aeroplane industry. Among the firms involved is the British Caudron Aeroplane Company, whose employees, with some forty exceptions, lately declared a "sympathetic" strike on account of the trouble at the Alliance Aeroplane Works, then controlled by Messrs. Waring and Gillow. When the dispute at the Alliance Works was settled, somewhat tardily, by means of the taking over of the factory by the Government, the strikers returned to work evidently determined to make things as uncomfortable as possible for the men and women who, from patriotic motives, had stuck to their jobs. Clearly these loyal servants, including a score of hard-working girls and a number of discharged soldiers, were entitled to the protection of the employers—but our information is that they were subjected to every form of insult, the management being actually threatened with a further strike if the loyal forty were permitted to remain at work.

At the Alliance, the cause of the trouble, going back to the starting-point, was the disgraceful shortage of lavatory accommodation and the unreasonable disciplinary measures taken to punish the loss of time inevitably resulting. The case of a girl dismissed from her employment for being absent from work for more than five minutes without leave was taken up by the shop-steward, Rock, and it was in the course of the negotiations upon this simple issue that the resentment of the workers and the obstinacy of the employers combined to precipitate a general strike. The case of the British Caudron Company is different, but it points equally to the necessity for the strong hand which Mr. Churchill is exercising.

"REMEMBER THE"—SHORTAGE!

NEEDLESSLY IRRITATING ALLOTMENT HOLDERS.

It is all very well for Miss Mary Watney, whose family made money out of beer, to ask her neighbours to remember the Sabbath, and keep off the drink. But we think it hardly fair that she should work so hard to prevent her neighbours from keeping the Sabbath in the best possible war-time way—by digging on their allotments. Miss Watney has done a lot of unselfish work in the neighbourhood of Croydon; she has been charitable without seeking publicity—and that means much. But she has her foibles. For instance, when she allowed the use of a piece of her land for the Croydon Flower Show, and afterwards found there had been a tent for the sale of beer, her language was more bitter than mild, and no more flower shows have been held there. Again, at a treat for Croydon cripples in her Park, she actually objected to some of the Mayor's friends smoking.

These, however, are minor eccentricities, forgiven for the sake of her munificence. But, when her land was required for allotments she stipulated that no work should be done on the Sabbath, and that was going a step too far. Failing satisfaction on this point, she held out for her full legal rent. For this there was some justification, as there were special advantages attached. But she stuck up on her own land, facing the allotments, a large printed text: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." We trust that her allotment holders dig hard all Sunday, and we really think that Miss Watney should take that notice down. It was only when God had made the world that He rested. When the Hun is beaten, we shall keep the Sabbath like good little boys. After all, the Sabbath was made for man—especially in these times—not man for the Sabbath, a great fact which Miss Watney forgets.

A DISHONOURED CONTRACT.

THE "ROYAL LIVER" AT THEIR OLD GAMES.

The Royal Liver Friendly Society, of Liverpool, boasting "Accumulated Funds" of £5,000,000, are as mean as they make 'em. This is the kind of thing that happens: A young woman at Blackpool was persuaded to insure the life of her mother, paying 3d. a week on a policy securing £5 11s. 0d. at the old lady's death. As usual, the agent calling for the weekly pence dilated upon the wisdom of a larger insurance, and in due course the daughter was induced to pay 6d. a week extra to insure a further £11 2s. 0d. in the event of her mother's decease. An acknowledgment of this extra insurance was entered in the agent's book, and receipts for the money given. However, no policy was issued for the increased amount, so when the old lady died the Society saw their chance and seized it with the skill of long practice. They at once paid out the smaller sum secured by the 3d. contributions, but refused to meet the larger claim.

Finally, the matter was taken to the Lancaster County Court, where the Judge held that as there was no new policy issued in respect of the larger premiums, there could be no legal claim against the Society. The action of the Royal Liver Office was characteristic. As soon as they found that legal proceedings were to be taken they returned the premiums, and appeared in Court with an air as innocent as though they had never heard of a broken contract. The Royal Liver Society are exceptionally keen on these "third party" insurances. Their agents will pester you to insure your grandmother—greedily snapping up the weekly premiums; and, when death occurs, they will either honour the claim, or refund the premiums, whichever comes cheaper. Not a very "friendly" practice—but there it is.

UNDER THE X-RAYS.

Though dressed to play the John Bull part,
He still remains a Hun at heart.

A BROKEN PLEDGE.

"FRIENDLY" SOCIETY'S UNFRIENDLY ACT.

Glancing over the minutes of the Central Body of the London and Provincial Yearly Dividing Friendly Society, we are inclined to pause upon item 17—"Letter from Mrs. Symonds *re* Civil Liabilities." We notice that it was moved by "Brother" Bartholomew and seconded by "Brother" Taylor, "that the letter be received and a weekly payment of 8s. made to Mrs. Symonds until further notice." A very friendly proposal, and one in support of which, had we been present and entitled to vote, we should have been inclined to hold up both hands, for we happen to know the circumstances. Mrs. Symonds is the wife of a soldier, her husband before "joining up" under the Derby scheme having been employed as Assistant Book-keeper to the London and Provincial Friendly Society. When Symonds obeyed the call of patriotism, he was told by his employers "not to worry." They in the goodness of their hearts would "look after the wife." At the very least they would see her rent paid. Later on, however, the warmth of their philanthropy seems to have cooled somewhat, and Mrs. Symonds was advised to apply to the Civil Liabilities Commissioners. She did so, and was awarded the princely grant of £4 per annum to assist her to "carry on."

These were the circumstances when "Brothers" Bartholomew and Taylor moved that the Society should go on paying Mrs. Symonds' rent, but unfortunately this motion was not carried. As it happened, the voting was equal and the final decision, therefore, lay with the Grand Master, "Brother" J. Callcutt, who enjoyed a casting vote. As far as we can see, it was merely a question of redeeming the Society's pledge of straight dealing with a soldier's wife, but "Brother" Callcutt unfortunately forgot his brotherly duty and "cast" his second vote after his first one, on the wrong side. Possibly by this time the Grand Master sees the case differently. Surely it is not too late to put the matter right. The first place where one may fairly expect to find fair play between employer and employee is surely in a society instituted by the workers for their mutual advantage and protection.

A STRIKING EPISODE.

MONSTROUS DECISION OF NAVAL COURT MARTIAL.

A party of British seamen were lately sent out to New York and then on to Newport News, Virginia, to join a Cunard liner. Bad luck awaited them. Not till they had actually started work did they learn that a strike of the liner's crew had that morning been declared, and that it was virtually as "strike-breakers" that they had been "signed on." Resenting the non-disclosure of this fact, the men fell easy victims to "peaceful picketting," if not indeed to actual intimidation by the strikers. They refused to continue work and, having signed on the ship's articles, were placed under lawful arrest for mutiny, the handling of the Cunarder being undertaken by men of the Royal Navy. The strikers were shipped across the Atlantic and landed at the French port of Brest, where both the crews were placed on trial before a Naval Court Martial. Their defence was much hampered, as they were denied the help of counsel and offered no assistance in the preparation of their case. Obviously, there was a clear distinction to be drawn between the original strikers and the men arriving later. Evidently, the shipping authorities had blundered badly in their handling of the whole business. It is clear that, with a little more tact, the strike might have been avoided, or at least prevented from spreading to the newly-arrived seamen. However, none of these considerations influenced the mind of the Court Martial. Without the least attempt at discrimination, the whole of the prisoners were sentenced to six months' hard labour in an English prison, each man in addition being fined £5, and ordered to pay the expenses of the trial. In the case of one of the seamen, a married man with a family, discharged from the Army with wounds and shell shock, this savage and stupid sentence involves the loss of his pension; while in regard to the whole of the second crew, trapped and intimidated into the position of strikers, the award was brutally unjust. Steps should at once be taken to annul the decision of the Naval Court Martial, which outrages every principle of fair play and cannot but damp the patriotism of the many thousands of Trade Unionists serving their country.

ANOTHER "THREE WEEKS."

GROSS NEGLECT OF DISABLED MEN'S AFFAIRS.

A Malvern hotel-keeper, having vacancies on his staff, was good man enough to offer the berths to ex-soldiers, asking for them through the County of Worcester Disablement Sub-Committee. He got this astounding reply:—"I have received your application for a discharged man as Porter and also one as Under Boots and have made a note of same. Miss Essex, who is in charge of the Employment Section of the Office, is away for three weeks, but on her return I hope to be able to send you the names of some suitable men. Yours faithfully, K. M. Reddie, Hon. Secretary." It is an admirable arrangement that badgers should lose the means of livelihood because a lady retires for three weeks, and the sooner the routine of that office is overhauled the better it will be for everybody.

INTERN MRS. DESPARD.

NOXIOUS NONSENSE OF A SILLY OLD WOMAN.

We think the time has come to put Mrs. Despard under restraint. She is a dear old lady in many ways, and in the past has done much for working people. But her present activities are frankly to asonable. She is at present engaged in a Peace Propaganda, and is starting seditious branches of the Pacifist movement in various parts of the country. In many cases the fact that she is the sister of the late Commander-in-Chief of the British Armies in France (Lord French) is advertised—apparently in order to delude silly people into the belief that in some way she speaks with authority. Uniformly Mrs. Despard tells errant lies about the cause of the war and the conduct of Britain and her Allies before and during the war. She praises foolishly of secret treaties, though the aims of the Allies are open and patent to all the world. Worse still, she tries to minimise the infinite loathsomeness of the Hun by talking of the world's debt to Germany's sons in religion, music, etc. *As if the people murdered by Christian Peace cared that he went to Church, and played on the fiddle!* Often enough her lies pass current with ill-instructed audiences; and though she may have no decisive influence on public opinion—for the heart of Britain is sound—she has, nevertheless, the power to turn a wobbler into a traitor. And that is bad enough. It will be better if her relatives take charge of her. If they can't, the State must.

POP GOES THE WEASEL!

SCANDAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FUND.

What is happening to the Prince of Wales's Fund? We know that a large number of officials are drawing comfortable salaries. But is that all? Is all the interest going in salaries? Are the funds piling up? Or are a carefully selected lot of applicants receiving benefits? You would think, when a man dies through fever contracted in a munition works and leaves a delicate wife and two baby girls quite unprovided for, that the Fund might do something. The officials don't even reply, to say No. Then where does the money go? You would think that when another poor widow with a family applies, something might be done. And, as a matter of fact, it is. She has to pay 1s. 6d. for a doctor's certificate, something more for a copy of her marriage certificate, is kept waiting a few weeks, and then, gets—two shillings and sixpence. Just that! Half-a-crown! Oh, munificent officials! And yet the Lord Mayor handed over to the Fund £53,000 of the best the other week. Where does it all go to? Is this to be another Patriotic Fund, and mainly to provide comfortable jobs for useless persons? Well, the people who subscribed have the right to say something, and we think the time has arrived to call for a clear statement of what has been done, and is being done, with all the money.

MORE O

Austrian and Turkish "Britons"—German Sa

By Ti

LAST week I published the complete list of Germans who have been naturalised since the war; and now I am giving you the names and addresses of the Austrians and Turks who have honoured us by becoming British subjects during the same period. I also publish a list of German sailors who, at the outbreak of the war, were—and, for aught I know, still are—employed on British vessels, and who were good enough, during the year 1914, to assume British nationality. What the devil our Government were doing to grant these Certificates is more than I can say. But they did it. And here let me impress upon you a fact, the sinister significance of which it is almost impossible to exaggerate. It is a popular illusion that when a German became a naturalised subject of a foreign State he still retained his German nationality. Don't believe it. It was not till *January*, 1914, that, by what is known as the Delbruck law, a German who became naturalised in another country, might remain a German. Now, do you see the game? As the date for the war approached, a Hun had only to say that he wished to become a British citizen *to assist his own country*—or a spy had only to be instructed to become a naturalised British subject—and thereupon he received official permission to do so—*and still remained a German*. And I may yet disclose the names of those who availed themselves of this law between January and August, 1914. So far I have confined my list to post-war naturalisations, and there can be no doubt that its publication has fairly "set the cat amongst the pigeons." It is, of course, quite possible, as I said last week, that here and there may be found the name of somebody who, although unnaturalised at the outbreak of war, has been, and is, a loyal subject of the King. Indeed, I have learnt of one case where, although a German had failed to become naturalised before the war, he had married an English lady, educated his three sons at an English public school, and given two of them, for ever, for our cause. It is, of course, very hard that such a man should be pilloried—but we are at war, and much as I regret having to inflict undeserved pain upon anyone, I must put the interests of my country before any personal consideration. I need not add that under *any* system of "review" of naturalisations, such a man as I have just mentioned would not only retain his Certificate, but would also receive the grateful thanks of the King. And the same remark may apply even to Germans who, from one cause or another, omitted to naturalise themselves before the war—especially to cases of German Jews who fled from their native country to avoid anti-Semitic persecution and breathe the air of religious freedom and toleration. In other words, there must be just discrimination, and no suspicion of *our* treating State certificates as "scraps of paper."

A Central Alien Authority.

But I adhere to my view—it is the only practical one—that the onus must be upon those naturalised *since* the war to justify the retention of their British citizenship. In other words, instead of fooling about with Committees and all the rest of it, there should be set up at once a Central Alien Authority. It should then be enacted that every post-war naturalisation is automatically cancelled, but that there should be a right of appeal to the Central Authority against such cancellation. In that way, every German on the list we published last week, and every Austrian on the list which follows, would be called upon to explain why he had not naturalised himself before the war, and to show his record in this country. I am quite sure that in this way no injustice would be done to anyone, and any German-born person who had shaken off his nationality in a *bona-fide* spirit—without any ulterior motive—and had proved himself a worthy subject of the King, would not be restored to citizenship of the Fatherland. As regards those naturalised before the war, *every* case—be the person high or low—should be reviewed, those of the two or three years immediately preceding the outbreak of hostilities being examined with suspicious and strict scrutiny. And doesn't it occur to you that in the course of these investigations much valuable information as to the working of the Hidden Hand might be revealed—for, of course, the Central Authority would have power to examine all books, papers and accounts? Let us, therefore, once more "Stop this Fooling," and get on with the business. And now for the Austrians and Turks who, *since the war*, have been allowed to assume the *rôle* of British citizenship.

Austrians and Hungarians Naturalised Since Outbreak of War.

1914.

Alimonda, Augustus, 9, Rutland Road, Wanstead.
Anspach, Leopold, 81, Knatchbull Rd., S.E.
Band, Wilhelm, 2, Charles Street, Hatton Garden.
Brisker, Anthony, 147, Richmond Park Road, Bournemouth.
Bubna, Irene Mary, Carbisdale Castle, Culrain, Ross-shire.
Corby, David, 152, Sandringham Road, Dalston.
Delfino, V. R. C., 37, Chapel Street, Belgrave Square.
De Sebestyen, Yules, 19, Seymour Road, Bath.
Falkowicz, J. R., 74, Fellows Road, Hampstead.
Fuchs, Aaron, 43, Chatsworth Road, Clapton.
Fuchs, Emil; 115, Park Road, Regent's Park.
Gracich, Nichalces, 122, St. Paul's Road, Limehouse.
Goldfinger, Alfred, South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terr., London.
Jarmay, Gustav, Hartford Lodge, Hartford, Cheshire.
Kinzbrunner, Charles, 12, Temple Fortune Lane, Hendon.
Langer, Carl, Ynyspenllwch, Clydach, Glam.
Laszlo de Lombos, Philip Alexius, 3, Palace Gate, London.
Mateyka, Frank J., 5, Gratton Road, West Kensington.
Natorp, A. M. P. J., White Cottage, Berkhamsted.
Norwak, Carl, 381, Goldhawk Road, London.
Pillitz, Arpad A., 80, Canfield Gardens, Hampstead.
Pollaky, I. P., 33, Stanford Avenue, Brighton.
Roth, Kalman, 28, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood.
Saxe, Rachel, 11; Spencer House, Lolesworth Street, London.
Schmid, A., 40, Belsize Road, London.
Steininger, Maria, 14, Berkeley Square, London.
Tenner, Kalman, Kenilworth Hotel, Bloomsbury.
Von Hugel, A. A. A., Croft Cottage, Barton Road, Cambridge.
Von Hugel, F. M. A. F. K., 13, Vicarage Gate, Kensington.

1915.

Auer, Alexander, 65, Chatsworth Road, Brondesbury.
Goldberg, Sarah, Millburn House; Honor Oak Park.
Goldberg, Sophie, Millburn House, Honor Oak Park.
Grossman, Joseph, 134, Macoma Road, Plumstead.
Hahnel, John, 1, The Gables, Lightcliffe, Yorks.
Miedinger, O. F., 28, Dyers Hall Road, Leytonstone.
Sztaray, F. R., Bourne Side, The Goffs, Eastbourne.
Weigel, Charles, 26, Church Street, West Ham.

1916.

Batey, William, 149, Stratford Road, Heaton, Newcastle.
Epstein, Edith M., Poulton Priory, Fairford, Glos.
Epstein, M. Grace, Poulton Priory, Fairford, Glos.
Weigel, F. E., 23, Trevor Road, Woodford.

Turkey and Ottoman Empire.

1915.

Balian, Mihran, 117A, Earl's Court Road, London.
Batmazian, Harutun, 10, St. Patrick's Terrace, Cork.
Castelli, Thomas D., 88, West Hill, Putney.
Coliapanian, S. H., 27, Wanstead Park Road, Ilford.
Haddad, B. J., 57, Ongar Road, Fulham.
Haskim, Khalil, Styal, Ches.
Homsy, Amédée, 4, Woodville Road, Ealing.
Kehyaian, Hagop, 29, St. Gabriel's Road, Willesden.
Khuder, Ibrahim, 75, Leconfield Road, London, N.
Lane, Leo, 185, High Town Road, London.
Mugurian, Mugurdich, 27, Cantlowes Road, Camden Square, London.
Salisse, Menahem, 25, Natal Road, Thornton Heath.

1916.

Boyajian, I. C., 33, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood.
Dedey, R. A. S., 85, Alexandra Road, Blundellsands.

1917.

Farwagi, Gabriel, British Consulate, Cairo.

Germans on Our Ships.

A motley crew, aren't they? Again I say I will not, at this juncture, pause to inquire what the Government were thinking about when they admitted these individuals into the British family. It is, however, perfectly plain that there was no serious inquiry into the antecedents of applicants for Naturalisation papers. "The more, the merrier," appears to have been our motto—"let 'em all come"! What blind fools we were! Our arms always open to welcome our "dear brothers," from anywhere! However, one of the lessons of the war will be to make our Governments in future realise that British citizenship—*Civis Britannicus sum*—is the proudest distinction which any man can possess. Let us always remember that in future. And now, if you please, we will just have a look at the names of German *sailors* who, in the year in 1914, and some even after the outbreak of war, were granted Certificates of

THEM!

...rs on British Ships—Cleanse the Privy Council.

...DITOR.

Naturalisation. Who shall say what mischief any of these men have done, and may still be doing? Perhaps some member of Parliament would like to move for a Return showing their present whereabouts. Here is the list:—

GERMANS NATURALISED IN 1914 AND SERVING ON BRITISH SHIPS.

Althaber, W. L. C., 13, Stepney Lane, Kingston-upon-Hull.
Beck, H. A., 15, Tupman Street, Liverpool.
Begemann, F. C., 24, North Clive Street, Cardiff.
Buschmann, H. A. B. M., 117, Gerrard Street, Aberdeen.
Clasen, H. F. A., 10, Lake Street, Harding Street, E.
Doren, Henry, 51, Window Lane, Liverpool.
Erichsen, G., 33, Barleigh Road, Liverpool.
Fuetterer, Andreas, 31, Wallasey Road, Liscard, Ches.
Hasse, E. W., 2, Royal Mint Square, London.
Herholtz, C., 2, West Market Street, Newport, Mon.
Johann, Christoph, Liverpool.
Kirchner, Richard, Grimsby.
Kogel, G., 180, Leven Road, Poplar.
Kuhs, H. W. L., 6, Kilchattan Street, Cardiff.
Lajea, Pius, 39, South William Street, Cardiff.
Masur, M., 18, Lytton Street, South Shields.
Meyer, A. W., 399, Liverpool Street, Salford.
Muller, F. O., 33, Redleston Street, Liverpool.
Muller, G., 48, College Buildings, Wentworth Street, Whitechapel.
Nierholz, O., 7, Frost Street, South Shields.
Nowack, C. C. F., 30, Victoria Street, Hessle, Yorks.
Peters, C. W. L., Falmouth.
Schramm, Robert, London.
Schubert, Frank, 93, High Street, Poplar.
Smith, George, Birkenhead.
Staack, H. C., 38, Barlow Lane, Liverpool.
Stolz, J., 37, Travis Street, Barry, Glam.
Wentorp, C. J. H., 76, Barry Road, Cadoxton.

Do you wonder that Lord Kitchener was drowned—that the *Lusitania* was torpedoed—that hospital ships were sunk—that every day our boats are being sent to the bottom of the sea? Do you wonder that after four years of war we are still—despite all our loss of blood and treasure—all the valour of our boys and of our Allies—very much where we began?

Cleanse the Privy Council.

Now, coming nearer home, how do we stand? We may be "getting on," but the pace is far too slow for my liking, and I am not yet convinced that the Government, and particularly the Home Secretary, are whole-hearted in the matter. I believe Mr. Lloyd George is keener than the rest of his colleagues to rid the country of Hun influence and of the Hun taint. If he has any trouble in the Cabinet I can assure him the nation won't stand any nonsense, and that it will support him in any further steps he may take. And we shall not be satisfied until the reforming broom begins sweeping from the top downwards. I mean, we must begin by cleansing the Privy Council. Men of pure German blood, however rich, however influential, are not wanted in the Councils of the King. It would be an easy thing to go back on that ill-advised piece of legislation, passed in August, 1914, which gave legal sanction to the presence of men of alien birth on His Majesty's Privy Council. As ill-luck would have it, the only persons who were advantaged by this new Act were two real Germans—Sir Edgar Speyer and Sir Ernest Cassel. Strange, isn't it, that those who advise the King never put a man of French or Italian blood—our friends and allies—on His Majesty's Council—only Germans?

Mr. Asquith's Mistake.

And you remember how very pleasant was the attitude adopted by Sir Edgar Speyer—the gentleman whose name did *not* appear among the signatories of naturalised Englishmen in protest against the atrocities and infamies of Germany, in the course of the war. Why Mr. Asquith did not acquiesce in the desire of Sir Edgar Speyer to rid himself of his English honours I could never understand. Let me recall those letters of May, 1915. First, the one from the gentleman whose sense of humour at some time was sufficient to induce him to register his telegraphic address as "Spy, London."

The correspondence is certainly interesting. It begins with the following letter:—

> DEAR MR. ASQUITH,—I am not the man who can be driven and provoked by threats or abuse into an attitude of justification. But I consider it due to my honour as a loyal British subject and my personal dignity as a man, to retire from all my public positions.
>
> I therefore ask you to accept my resignation as a Privy Councillor and to revoke my baronetcy.—Yours sincerely,
>
> EDGAR SPEYER.

Now, in my view, the Prime Minister should have allowed this right hon. gentleman then to display his loyalty and satisfy his "personal dignity." But, unfortunately, Mr. Asquith sent this reply:—

> 10, Downing Street.
>
> DEAR SIR EDGAR,—I can quite understand the sense of injustice and indignation which prompted your letter to me. I have known you long and well enough to estimate at their true value these baseless and malignant imputations upon your loyalty to the British Crown.
>
> The King is not prepared to take any such step as you suggest in regard to the marks of distinction which you have received in recognition of your public services and philanthropic munificence.—Yours sincerely,
>
> H. H. ASQUITH.

The King's Position.

Whether the King was ever consulted in the matter is open to question. But in any case he would have acted then as he did in the bestowal of these distinctions—on the advice of his Prime Minister, and I should very much like to know whether Mr. Lloyd George would have given the same advice to the Sovereign. But, such speculation apart, I declare it to be an outrage on the national conscience that these two men—Speyer and Cassel—of German blood, both naturalised to suit their own convenience, should continue to remain members of the Privy Council. Speyer was the head of a firm of Frankfurt bankers—L. Speyer-Ellissen—until 1887, when he came to this country to control the London house. He was also a partner in the American branch which, until the United States entered the war, was in intimate business relations with the German Government. Of course, he became naturalised. It was good for business; but it would be an insult to his birth and education to say that, with all his family relations and half his financial interests in the Fatherland, the mere act of signing a "scrap of paper" killed all his German sympathies. And I repeat that for such a man—or for any man of enemy blood—to sit at this time at the Council table of the King is a scandal and an insult. Prince Louis of Battenberg realised that it was "due to his honour as a loyal British subject" and to his "personal dignity as a man" to retire from the post of First Sea Lord when he realised that the weight of public opinion was against his retaining a position that gave him—a pure German by blood—the control of the British Navy at war with the Fleets of the Kaiser. And, things being as they are, I cannot understand why Sir Ernest Cassel's sense of the fitness of things does not dictate his resignation before, as I trust, the national demand will force the Government to remove his name from His Majesty's Privy Council. Instead of taking this step, however, we read of him gallivanting about at the theatres and other social functions, with ex-Ministers, dining at their houses, and doubtless, by virtue of the social position conferred upon him, discussing all the most confidential aspects of the war. And we put up with it! I earnestly appeal to His Majesty to take the initiative in the matter—as he did about those Garter Banners at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. After all, it is *his* Privy Council; and just as he has cleansed his Court of all German taint, so let him get rid of these Germans. No monarch has ever more accurately translated into action the sentiments of his people than has King George—just as no king has ever more unsparingly thrown himself into his country's cause at a time of great national crises. Let His Majesty, therefor, add this one further act to his already splendid record. It will be not the least popular of the many good things he has done during the last four years. And if Mr. Lloyd George would retain his hold upon the confidence of the people, he should be the first to tender this advice to His Majesty. A few days ago he boasted that he was the only occupant of the Treasury Bench absolutely free from Teutonic taint. Let him add to that proud claim that he was the first British Premier to rid the Government, the Public Departments, and the Court itself of the same poisonous element. It is a rare opportunity of making history—let him grasp it!

TALKS ON THE TELEPHONE.

BY OUR PET "HELLO" GIRL.

DAVID AND DOUGLAS.

Ting-a-ling! Gurrr-rup! Pop-pop-pop-pop! Hallo-hallo-hallo-o-o! Are you there? . . . Is that Sir Douglas Haig? . . . Ah! Good morning, *mon général!* . . . Lloyd George speaking . . . LLOYD GEORGE, I say. You know—the P.M. . . . No, no; *not* the Military Police, the *Prime Minister*. . . . I say, the PRIME MINISTER . . . Don't recognise my voice? Well, I'm chewing a cinnamon tablet to ward off the flu. Perhaps it's that . . . No, no! I haven't *got* the flu, but I'm trying to ward it off. How's the war getting on? . . . What do you mean, it's going on all right "out here"? Why such emphasis on the "*out here*"? . . . What, "the Army isn't being backed up enough at home"? What *do* you mean? . . . Eh? What? "What's the good of your killing Germans in France while the Government treat them with such kind consideration in England"? What on earth do you mean by "kind consideration"? Aren't we just passing a fresh Aliens Bill to amend the British Nationality and Status of Aliens Act? . . . What, you don't think much of it? Why not? . . . Not drastic enough? What's the matter with it? I've got so many things to attend to, you know, that I've left it to Sir George Cave . . . . What's that? You wish I'd take the matter in hand myself? Why? . . . . Eh? The French are disgusted and alarmed by our lenity towards the Huns in England? . . . Makes them feel inclined to doubt our sincerity? You don't say so! But, after all, our treatment of alien enemies is *our* business, isn't it? . . . Not in the present circumstances? How do you make that out? . . . What, we have duties and responsibilities towards the Allies who are bleeding and dying alongside of us? I agree; but . . . Eh? They don't like the way we treated that German woman who was making secret inquiries about an aeroplane to carry four occupants? You mean the Princess Loewenstein Wertheim, who was convicted of breaking the Alien Regulations? . . . Yes; perhaps it *is* a pity Cave granted her re-naturalisation, in the circumstances. But, after all, you know, we are a free people, and mustn't allow ourselves to be guided altogether by Allied opinion. You see, England is not France . . . Eh? Oh, it isn't only the French who are disgusted with our stupid laxity, but the rank and file of the Army under your command? H'm! I'm sorry to hear *that*. . . . Tommy wants the alien turned out bag and baggage, does he, and wonders, since that isn't done, what he is fighting for? I shall have to persuade Cave to stiffen up his Bill a bit. I *know* it doesn't satisfy the country. But that scarcely matters. The people are powerless at the moment. But we mustn't irritate the Army too much. But I rang you up to inquire how the fighting is going. . . . Oh yes, you told me everything was O.K. *out there*, but you didn't like the look of things at home? So you did. Well, I tell you what I'll do, Sir Douglas. I'll slip over by T.B.D. to-night, and we'll have a quiet, unofficial chat. Between you and me, I should have handled the alien question much more firmly *years ago*, if I had *been allowed to do so!* . . . You exclaim! Ah, you don't know all, Douglas. There has been more in the Hidden Hand rumours than I would care to publish. . . . Till to-night, then . . . Ta-ta! . . . . *Ting-a-ling!*

PRINTER'S PIF

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

MESSRS KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY (Sale Catalogue):
"An oak long-case clock, BY TEMPUS FUGIT."

"NORTH MAIL":—
"CROWS should FLOCK TO SEE the feminine impersonator."

"FEATHERED WORLD" (advertisement):—
"Three Norwich Canaries, 1918, FOR LAYING HENS OR RABBITS."

"WOMAN'S LIFE" (letter to Editress):—
"My sister and I look forward to Monday, and feel very cross IF IT DOESN'T ARRIVE."

"GUERNSEY EVENING PRESS":—
"Some 40 mothers assembled at Cambridge Park with their babies before three o'clock, making an ANIMATED SCENT in the shady avenue."

"THE LADY" (advertisement):—
"Good Home offered . . . lady who would help another cooking . . . Soldier's wife OR married lady preferred."

"LIVERPOOL ECHO" (advertisement):—
"Waitresses for high-class CAGE; seaside."

"DAILY MAIL" (heading):—
"HUNS STEAL £4,000,000 FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING POST" (advertisement):—
"LIVE FISH—Absolutely best quality; HEADLESS."

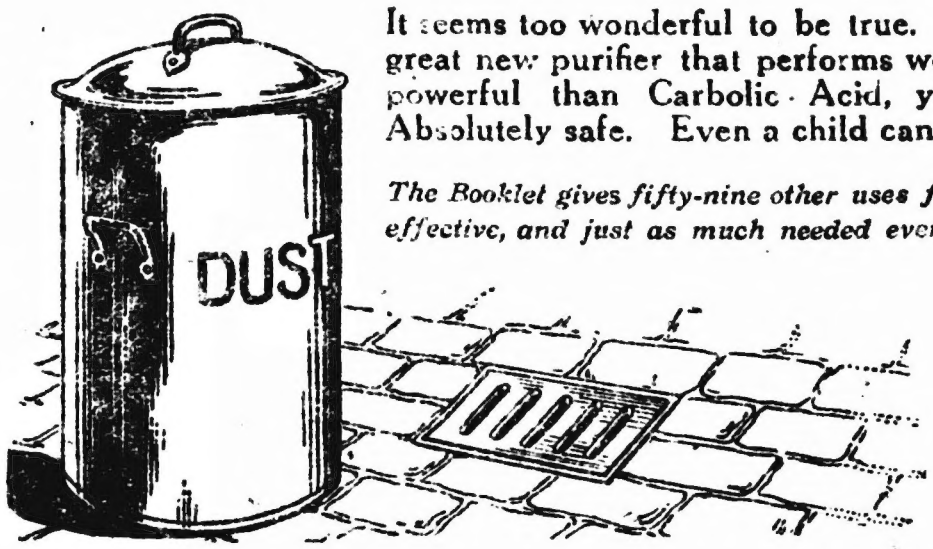
SIR G. CAVE (according to *Daily Telegraph* report):—
"I THINK my hon. friends and others WHO AGREE WITH ME would TAKE THE SAME VIEW."

Purify your Drains and Dustbins with MILTON.

A bad smell is much more than an inconvenience or annoyance—It means danger of Contagion or Infection.

MILTON is more powerful and more effective as a purifying agent than any disinfectant, however strong-smelling or highly coloured.

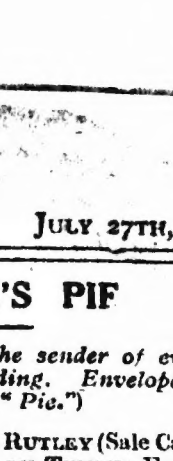
Yet it is absolutely harmless, it does not irritate the skin, is non-poisonous, leaves no stain or offensive smell.



It seems too wonderful to be true. But Milton is the great new purifier that performs wonders. It is more powerful than Carbolic Acid, yet quite harmless. Absolutely safe. Even a child can use it.

The Booklet gives fifty-nine other uses for Milton—all equally effective, and just as much needed every day in every home

There are **59** *other uses for Milton equally effective and just as much needed every day in every home.*



Here's a little experiment well worth trying. Wherever you find a peculiarly disagreeable smell, get a bottle of MILTON and use it according to the instructions which accompany it, and, presto! the smell is destroyed as if by magic, the air is at once purified, and the germs and bacteria accompanying the smell are annihilated.

Bottles 1/- and 2/- each

from all Dealers.

The 2/- bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 1/-

MILTON MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., 125, Bunhill Row, London, E.C. 1, and 64, Wellington Street, Glasgow.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

More Money:—Increased separation allowances are promised to the wives and dependents of our men. We trust that the money will not be granted with one hand and taken back with the other. Above all things, we hope that the childless wife of the soldier will not be left in the lurch. Should this be the case, trouble is bound to ensue.

Who is to Blame?:—We hear from No. 2 Advance Remount Depot, B.E.F., France, that although the depot receives the attention of the Boche bombers, the men are not given shrapnel helmets or gas masks. We wonder who is to blame for this. In other similarly situated places, these life-saving appliances are served out, and if the men do not wear them when air-raids are on, Orderly rooms are filled and Courts-Martial are busy.

Hodge's Way:—A man who has two sons in the Army made an application to the Pensions Minister for a special grant, to help him along until they return—and received a reply stating that as *both* are serving the Special Grants Committee have no power to assist him. How lovely!

Poor Devils!:—A Command Depot is a place where sick and wounded men are sent to be hardened up in preparation for another journey to the stricken field. We notice that an Order has been issued in the Command Depot at Alnwick, warning the poor beggars there that if they are found to be in possession of civilian boots or shoes they will be severely dealt with. What about the cripples who can get about only in carpet slippers, and on sticks?

Damnable!:—We agree that in hospital discipline must be observed, but the limit is sometimes exceeded. For instance, a woman who has lost several sons in the war—one of them died a fortnight ago—was recently informed that another of her boys was very ill in the No. 2 Western General Hospital, Manchester. The stricken mother paid her fare from Barnsley to see him, but when she reached the institution she was rudely turned away. Military discipline, no doubt—but had the people in charge acted as ordinary civilians would, the poor woman—sixty-four years of age—would not have been sent away in tears.

Foul!:—We hear from No. 4 Company, M.T.A.S.C., at Sydenham, that shocking language and bullying are rife there, the chief offender being a temporary Jack-in-Office, who possibly has a swelled head. We must keep an eye on this show.

Mile End Again:—Some time ago we commented on the management of the Mile End Military Hospital, and received a letter in reply from somebody in authority calling us "persons addicted to terminological inexactitudes." We have now received another letter of complaint, signed by many of the patients, and if their treatment is not improved, we must go in for some more plain talking.

What It Means:—We get so many letters alleging that Non-Commissioned Officers have been held back for Home Service from the beginning of the war. Some of them are, no doubt, not fit for campaigning; but very many of them are. A postcard received from the Front tells us that "C.O." means on the one side of the Channel, "Conscientious Objector," and on the other "Chevronless Officer." And Tommy is debating which is the worse type of man.

"JACK."

About Leave:—Jack is a long-suffering man and has many grievances, one of the most acute concerning leave. Men who have been serving since the beginning of the war have been transferred from ship to ship, and have not been allowed a few hours at home. This is a matter that we think Sir Eric Geddes ought to look into. We know that Sir Eric and his brother, Sir Auckland, are heartily with the men who are holding up our end of the log, and are keen to have the right thing done.

A Bit of a Wag:—Some officer on board H.M.S. *Ullswater* must be a bit of a wag. Because one of the crew did not know the name of a particular officer, he was given about two hundred lines to write, like a schoolboy—the subject being the rank and names of the Captain, Lieutenant Commander, the Sub-Lieutenant, Lieutenants, and all the rest of them. Strange to say, this silly preparation for war seems to be practised in the Army also—it is rife in the Guards' Brigade. We wonder who instituted this idiotic system. Are we *really* at war?

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

Our Enemies First:—On one of the Pensions Committees in Dublin is a man who signed the Anti-Conscription Pledge, but yet flourishes in his job, drawing £2 10s. a week. Soldiers calling at the office are not treated with civility or anything approaching it. Is there not in Dublin a Silver Badger who could take up the position of this rebel? The time has come when we should not treat our open enemies with lollipops and ice creams.

A Chance Denied Them:—Aberystwyth Rural District Agricultural Committee goes into our Black List. It advertised for an Executive Officer, and two discharged soldiers with first-class Army records, and the necessary experience, were among the applicants. The Committee selected three candidates for final decision, the whole trio being farmers not in need of the salary—the Service men being entirely ignored. Aberystwyth may not be aware what an ugly spirit this kind of treatment is arousing. If so, they might like to see some of the evidence in our possession.

For the Petrol People:—We find that many men discharged from the Army were formerly taxi-cab drivers, etc. They return to civil life hoping to make a living, but they find that they cannot obtain petrol because they do not own their cars. Mr. Hodge is prolific in promises concerning what he will do to give a lift to the discharged man after the war. Cannot he have a chat with the petrol authorities on this matter now? The case is urgent.

The Rotten Post Office:—We have inserted many complaints concerning Silver Badgers and the Postal Service, and suggest that the Postmaster-General might wake up. Recently the temporary letter sorters, mostly Badgers, asked for an advance in wages owing to the increased cost of living. They have been granted the magnificent increase of 5s. per week if over twelve months' service; 3s. over six months'; and 1s. per week if less. The terrifically overpaid munition workers, who have never donned khaki, have been granted handsome bonuses. What about those men who have offered to die for us? Can it be that the Government departments are following the example of the civilian employers who pay ratty wages to our badgers because they have pensions?

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Practically Penniless:—A widow's eldest son recently joined the Navy. Separation allowance will be issued on his behalf, but in the meantime expenses have accumulated—including arrears of rent, which his mother could not combat as she is detained from work to look after her young child.

Shabbily Treated:—One of the W.A.A.C.s appealed to us to help her over a difficulty. She is on sick leave owing to a nervous breakdown, but was informed that she could draw no sick pay, etc., being referred to the National Insurance—the sum received from it being, however, sufficient to keep her only for two days. She did not wish to be a burden on her widowed mother, so had no resource but to appeal to our fund.

A Crippled Soldier's Wife:—A poor woman tells us that, owing to her husband's physical incapacity, nearly all her small possessions have had to be parted with, and she still finds herself in danger of being ejected for many weeks' arrears of rent. Truly a pitiable condition! But, unfortunately, typical of many cases which come before us.

On the Verge of Despair:—A widow, who has lost four sons in the war, is in desperate straits owing to the fact that her remaining lad, sixteen years of age, is laid up—he previously being the bread-winner. There are younger children, and the poor little mites were sadly in need of a good meal when the case was laid before us.

Unfortunate:—Since his discharge from the Army a poor fellow has suffered from a weak heart and epileptic fits. To make matters worse his three children, under six years old, have been almost continually in the doctor's care. Debts were heaping up all round—and there seemed no prospect of relief until she came to us.

Further Aid Granted:—

Husband a prisoner of war. One of the children just died after long illness, cost of which called for our help.

Soldier's wife off work through sickness. Cannot cope with expenses without assistance.

Discharged soldier; wife and two children ill. Doctor's bill and rent unpaid.

Prolonged illness of child with bronchitis. All the mother's savings exhausted. Nourishment still needed.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GIVEN?

H. E., £10; W. M. F., £1; E. C. E. (Hapton), 1s.; N. M. (Scarborough), 1s.; "Sna Tela Tenant," (York), 6s.; M. M. (Swanscombe), 1s.; "A War Worker," 1s.; H. C. (Cricklewood), 10s.; Mrs. E. L. D. (Hampton Hill), £1 1s.; Mrs. D. B. (Portishead), 5s.; "A Soldier's Wife and Children," 2s. 6d.; E. E. (Dundee), 6d.; "Penn," 5s.; M. W. (Parton), 1s.; R. T. (Disley), 10s.; W. J. S. (Hammersmith), 1s. 2d.; "One of the B-boys," 10d.; A. H. L. (Aldridge), 2s. 6d.; Ship's Company, s.s. *Data ware* (per H. S. R.), £4 6s. 11d.; Anonymous, 5s.; E. C. F. (Liverpool), 1s.; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; "In Proud and Loving Memory of Harold," 5s.; "Customs," 12s.; "Dickie" (Dundee), 5s.; F. S. (Sheffield), 1s.; "Mother of Eleven," 2s. 6d.; S. P., 3s. 6d.; E. R. (Peckham Rye), 8s. 3d.; A. L. D. (New York), £10; Mrs. A. P. (Nottingham), 2s.; W. G. G., (S. Tottenham), 3s. 6d.; A. D. D. (Manor Park), 3s.; C. J. P., 2s.; L. W., 3s.; "In Memory of Billie," 2s.; "X. Y. Z.," 1s.; C. N. E., 10s.; G. C. B. (Norwich), 1s.; Mrs. T. T., 2s. 6d.; "Rejected," 6d.; "Blue Stocking," 2s.; Mrs. A. E. (Leeds), 1s., "Thankoffering," 2s.; M. A. (Cowes), £5; R. H. (Clapton), 6d.; J. H. A., 1s. 10d.; L. M., 6d.; Goods Dept. V.S.F., Croydon (per F. B. T.), 1s.; Anon., 3s. 6d.; P. F. K. (Kent), 4s.; "Model" (Seaton Delaval), 5s.; C. M. (Inverness), 7s. 6d.; R. B. (Handsworth), 1s. 9d.; "New Zealander," 1s. 9d.; "Mac" (Mindrum), 1s.; S. S., 1s. 4d.; A. McA., 1s. 6d.; Pte. J. F., 6d.; B. D., 6s.; F. M. (Bradford), 6d.; "Anonymous" (France), 2s. 6d.; "Grateful," 10s.; J. G. (Surrey), 7s.; "Ubiquitous," 1s.; G. H. D. (Billericay), 1s.; "Muggins," 2s. 6d.; "Louie," £5; G. H., 3s. 7d.; "Two Palm Oil Ruffians," £1; Mrs. J. S., 2s. 6d.; "Bedford Teacher," 2s.; "I Will Talk," 5s.; "Spiritual Sympathiser" (Johannesburg), £1; W. H. C. (Athlone), 1s. 6d.; F. B. (Ham), 10s.; F. M. C., 2s. 6d.; W. B. H. C. (B.E.F.), £2; G. P. H., 5s.; "S. Ealing Reader," 1s.; W. J. H. (B.E.F.), 5s.

SOLDIERS' COMFORTS FUND.

Anon. (Bristol), 12s.; D. M. (Stirling), 1s.; J. K. (Canterbury), 1s.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other inquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

OUR LIBEL ACTION.—We desire to tender our best thanks to the many readers who have sent their congratulations on the result of our recent libel action. We should be glad, in the event of any of them finding the pamphlet "Horatio Bottomley Exposed" still being sold or exhibited, if they will at once inform us of the fact.

B. (Philadelphia).—Man named O'Leary was arrested in New York for seditious matter in "the anti-British periodical, *Bull*." It must be a mongrel Bull—it isn't JOHN.

"JACK" (H.M.S. *Meteor*).—If we told you all you want to know, D.O.R.A. would be down on us like a ton of bricks.

L. T. D. (Stockport).—"I am but 15 years old. You are the best man in England and JOHN BULL is the best paper in the world." Bank notes and Treasury notes only barred.

R. E. C. (High Holborn, W.C.).—"The German only understands brute force, and if he is not treated as he treats others, he puts it down to cowardice." If a Cabinet Minister had said that, it would have been hailed as the outpourings of genius.

"INQUIRING TOMMY" (B.E.F.) France).—"Is General Haig under General Foch's orders?" General Foch is in supreme command on the Western Front, but we don't fancy he does much "ordering" where General Haig is concerned. They co-operate.

D. M. (Golders Green).—Don't worry. Our airmen do not drop their bombs indiscriminately; and your husband, a prisoner in Germany, provided he is in a recognised prison camp, is safe enough so far as *they* are concerned.

M. M. (Whitechapel, E.).—It is all very well for you to praise the spirit of tolerance displayed towards aliens by the British Empire in the past, and to plead for its continued extension towards the aliens in our midst. We were tolerant of the Germans before the war. *Now we are paying the price.*

SERGT. T. (Canadian Expeditionary Force).—"Don't be foolish and send any money for this poem." Not noticing your request until too late, we have wasted a penny by tearing up the cheque.

"A PURPURITAN MOTHER" (St. Ives).—As you call yourself that, we are not surprised at the unnatural things you write.

L. R. (Brighton).—Cannot say why more National Service posters are not displayed. Perhaps they have run out of sticky stuff.

"ENQUART" (Old Park).—"Has it ever occurred to you that Germany might be an instrument in the hands of God?" No; but it has occurred to some bishops and scores of parsons.

J. P. W. (Poplar).—Your poem to hand, commencing "There lies a onion." That first line is not in the classic style.

"BEATRICE" (Dover).—"Thanks for the splendid encouragement you are giving in the nation's needy hours." Thanks for your thanks.

"BARRISTER" (Lancaster Gate, W.).—With much that you say we agree, but if we were to bawl it from the house-tops, we might get our meat-cards confiscated.

"SPARKEY" (Active Service).—Your postcard finds us in the pink. How do *you* feel, after an average night?

"SEWER RAT."—Our impression is that you are trying to be funny. If not, kindly correct in course of post.

H. (Littleborough).—"He has been seen many a time coming up with that girl at 12 o'clock at night with his arm round her waist." If people did not sit up so late, they would not strain their eyesight so much.

"HARD HIT" (Langley Moor).—Miners disabled in mine accident five years ago are existing on compensation, too small at present prices. Wasn't a public fund raised for sufferers?

CORP., R.E. (German East Africa).—Glad to hear from you, but no space to correct errors made by other journals; it might hurt their feelings. By the way—soon be *British* East Africa!

"TINO" (Plumstead).—When you assert that we "never have a good word to say for munition workers" we deny the allegation and defy the allegator.

"ANTI-HUN" (Swansea).—You cannot read your JOHN BULL very carefully, or you would have seen that your suggestion had already been adopted. Been on the loose for a bit?

"ADMIRER" (Edgbaston).—"Allow me to testify to the work of our gallant nurses and sisters, especially those serving abroad." Your high opinion is but the pale shadow of our own.

R. G. R. (Ontario).—So you think "William the Butcher and Willie the Butcherette" ought to be exposed in cages after the war. You mean while they're waiting to be hanged.

PTE. S. B. (B.E.F.).—"To settle an argument, are there such things as pickled walnuts?" Yes, and also hoary chestnuts, with whiskers. And rods in pickle, for saucy boys.

B. B. (Sheffield).—"On the Sheffield trams is a notice, 'Children 15 years and over must pay full fare.'" Folks grow up slowly in Yorkshire.

T. S. B. (Silksworth).—"I am father of three sons in the Army, all my family, all Kitchener's boys. God bless you." Well, you know, that's the kind of letter that makes our throat go lumpy.

PTE. J. G. (Bridgend).—"Sentenced for the last twelve months to be shot from hospital." Do you mean *discharged* from hospital? If so, it will be a good thing when you go off.

JOHN BROWN (Kings Lynn).—You write like one of the dyspeptic kill-joys who would deprive the harvester of his beer because some unhappy persons manage to drag out a miserable existence on cold tea.

L. G. T. (Lewisham).—The L.C.C. schoolmistress, who "is continually using very indecent talk" to "respectable ladies' daughters" is probably one of the 47,000. Let her, in the words of George Robey, desist.

W. P. (Cradley Heath).—"I know you like brevity." So you wrote nine pages. No wish to please, evidently.

"UNHAPPY W.A.A.C.s." (Stafford).—You might write us a little more fully about that "scorpion" of a forewoman. Meanwhile, ask her to be a trifle less "scorpy" until we have time to attend to her.

H. DE V. T. (Portobello).—"I wrote you hoping the Prince of Wales would fall in love with Princess Yolande. My wish seems to be coming to pass. Why did you not take my hint and be first in the field?" Your wonderful smartness is lopsided. You forget the Prince is a Protestant.

"LIEUT. R.N.R." (Dover).—"'Mentioned in despatches' means neither medal nor ribbon. I know men with 3 'mentions' and nothing to show for it. They don't want a medal, but a bit of ribbon—yes." We are in absolute and hearty agreement with every word.

E. J. L. (Manchester).—Cannot possibly say why the Mayor of Bury was knighted. Wonder if he knows?

"GUNNER" (Royal Garrison Artillery).—"On Monday last I was in Reading." Very nice, too. What did you tell the missus?

"AN ARMENIAN READER" (London).—Glad our Armenian readers were pleased with our "short but valuable praise of them." Personally, we should never dream of "mixing them up with the bloody Turks."

W. O. (Mile End Road).—Why bother your head about the guns of H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth*? Do you want to borrow them?

C. H. (London, E.).—Before we can answer, we must have your address. You needn't be afraid that we shall call on you at tea-time.

F. H. AND W. R. (Shrewsbury).—So the Army Pay Corps is upset because the landlady advertised, "Not A.P.C." But she meant, "Not a post-card," and the printer bungled the type.

A. E. S. (H.M.S. *Terror*).—"Oblige me by telling me if the County of London is in Middlesex." We would fall over ourselves to oblige you, but not at the cost of truth. The County of London *includes* what was formerly a portion of Middlesex.

"ADMIRER" (Thorpe).—"The JOHN BULL Pen is the best value on sale." This is the only bit of your letter we can print without offending the Censor.

S.E. and W. B. (Warwick).—You say your son is "useful" in the Army. That is why they want him. It's hard not to get back to his own trade, but many thousands suffer the same hardship. And many don't grumble.

"A READER MANY YEARS" (Edinburgh).—We don't know why Auld Reekie tolerates a Hun barber, but we do know service men object to his attentions. Some of them even would rather be shaved by our own Barber.

G. W. (Keighley).—Have received your "artical" showing how railway fares are making you a "passifist." We must pay for it if printed, otherwise we may adorn the "waist" paper basket with it. The w.p.b. now looks lovely.

J. B. K. (Crieff).—Rather like your notion that German prisoners should be paid for their labour in German money. But *they* wouldn't.

E. H. (Nelson).—"Yours is about the only paper which fearlessly speaks out in the cause of right." That is true. Others have noticed it.

A. L. (Birmingham).—Evidently you are a metaphysician, which is a fascinating hobby—although we believe plumbers earn more money.

"FRED" (Altrincham).—If you win a Holiday Prize of £5 in "Bullets" a cheque for that amount will reach you well before the week-end. So go in and win.

"FAIR PLAY" (Aberystwyth).—Sorry to hear that anybody was left out of the Honours List. We believe that applicants should enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

L.A.F. (Littlehampton).—"In all the thousands of letters you receive my few words will very likely be overlooked." This is to show you that our eagle eye does not miss much.

DR. F. T. L. (Ripon).—"*Medical Officer:* Now, my man, if you were in civil life, would you come to me with these many complaints?—*Soldier:* No, sir. I should go to see a doctor.—*Sequel:* 10 days C.B." Almost worth it. What?

G. D. (Kennington Park).—No need to tell us that Ramsay von Macdonald, Schnowdenstein and Co. do not truly represent Trade Unionists.

MRS. E. H. (Dalston).—You think "she is a man in disguise," and "the other girls were naturally anxious" to read her love-letter, which began, "Dear Grandmother." No man yet was ever anybody's grandmother, and girls who open love letters other than their own deserve a good hard spank.

E. A. C. (Ross-shire).—Newspaper cutting appears to have got itself lost in transit. Being such hot stuff, it may have evaporated.

"STOKER'S WIFE" (Bo'ness).—Afraid cannot contradict ourselves even to oblige you. Somebody would be sure to notice it.

"BE A SPORT."—Funny of you to ask if we "omit names" because we are "getting nervous," when you carefully omit your own. Your nerves must have gone to eternal smash.

"ALICE" (Yate).—There is only one sure cure for a cat that has acquired the habit of catching and bringing home tame rabbits, viz., a dose of lead.

REV. G. E. O. (Gurton).—The Premium Watch Co.'s "trap to catch fools," as you rightly call it, has often been exposed by us. It sails so near the wind that the Public Prosecutor should look into it.

N. B. (S.W.).—"Enclosed cutting. Comment unnecessary." Not a word.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

THE "JOHN BULL" PEN—ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

B. E. F., 20th June, 1918.

. . . "My JOHN BULL pen has served me through several years of strenuous office use and through nearly three years of active service. It is the only article I possess which has accompanied me through my period of training and my wanderings since then, and never once has it failed me." . . . .

(Signed) Gunner A. C. HAWKINS.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 *(July 27th, 1918.)*

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

COMPANY MEETING.

WELSBACH LIGHT CO.

Presiding at the annual meeting of the Welsbach Light Company on the 17th inst., Mr. J. R. Yates, in proposing the adoption of the report and the declaration of a dividend of 10 per cent., said they had been able during the year to devote all their energies to the development and extension of their important enterprise. Their trading profit was up from £40,013 to £136,302, whilst from B. Cars, Ltd., they had received a dividend of £20,087, as compared with £15,074 in the previous year. He recalled his forecast of last year that the company's outlook appeared satisfactory, and looking further ahead he then anticipated for this company, as the leader in the British gas mantle industry, a successful future if after the war they were reasonably free from dumping of cheap foreign goods. The report of the Royal Commission on Mineral Resources of the British Empire showed that no less than 40 million mantles were annually imported from Germany. It was up to all to see that the trade did not drift back there after the war. The shareholders present expressed the opinion that the directors' fees were inadequate, and should be substantially increased, owing to the arduous work the directors had done during the past year. The chairman said another meeting would be called to deal with the shareholders' recommendations.

Save your Linen from the Rag-bag

Don't discard stained clothes and table-covers, etc.—remove the stains with the simple, magical Movol. Ironmould or any stains disappear before your eyes at a touch of Movol, and not a trace of the stain remains.

STAIN **MOVOL** REMOVER

Removes Ironmould, Rust, Fruit and Ink Stains from Clothing, Marble, etc.

White Clothes having a YELLOW TINGE—have their original colour restored by adding a thimbleful to the rinsing water.

From Chemists, Grocers, Stores, etc., in 1/- and 6d. tubes.

If unable to obtain, send 1/3 for large trial tube, to W. Edge & Sons, Ltd., Bolton.

N.B.—The directions given with each tube must be carefully followed.

A1

One of the Great Books of the World

The Study of Mankind is unquestionably the most fascinating imaginable, and "THE LIVING RACES OF MANKIND" is the only book which gives the popular illustrated account of the customs, habits, pursuits, feasts and ceremonies of the races of mankind throughout the world.

The beautiful coloured and black-and-white illustrations, which number over 900, are carefully selected out of many thousands. They show the natives of all climes as they actually live in their native surroundings, their dress, their weapons, dwellings, and the tattoo marks on their bodies, or the flesh wounds and scars of which some natives seem so proud.

Such a collection of photographs from life can never be entirely superseded. They have been procured in many cases at enormous cost from most remote and inaccessible parts of our globe, and form an absolutely unique and priceless collection.

The work includes an account of such subjects as the physical features of the races of mankind, their clothing, ornaments, food, dwellings, weapons, habits, customs, their modes of thought and mental characteristics, not omitting their games, sports, and pastimes. A few maps, statistics of population, race, and religion have also been added for the sake of completeness.

The contributors include Lord Curzon, Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, Sir Harry Johnston, Sir Everard im Thurn, etc.

THE BOOK AT A GLANCE.

It has cost about £10,000; there are over 900 illustrations; about 800 large pages; 25 beautiful coloured plates; about 250,000 words; a standard and international work; written by eminent specialists; translated into all the leading languages; printed throughout on the finest English Art paper; in two magnificent volumes; beautifully bound in half French Morocco grain; elaborately gilded.

Send 6 penny stamps to cover postage and we will send you FREE 40 specimen pages and a coloured plate worth at least 1s.

To (Dept. 74),
THE STANDARD ART BOOK CO., Ltd.,
30-32, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4.

Allinson WHOLEMEAL Bread

See the Band on every Loaf.

25/-LADIES' 25/- Trench Coats

Buy a GENUINE BARGAIN.

Direct from the Manufacturers.

A Smart Coat made up in Proofed Gabardine Cloth, in various shades. FULLY CHECK LINED, with Belts and Buckles. Tailor-made. High-class finish.

These coats are equal in every respect to those sold by retailers at almost double the price.

Gent's, Youths' & Maids' also stocked.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR PATTERNS AND BOOKLET.

This offer is only open while our present stocks last, and orders can only be taken in rotation. Approval willingly.

Thousands of Testimonials received expressing great satisfaction with these Coats.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.
DEPT. E
53, Oxford Road, MANCHESTER.

EVERYBODY SHOULD

"SoToL"

The best way to avoid Influenza and other infections is to disinfect the Mouth and Throat every night and morning. The "SoToL" Habit ensures the scrupulous cleanliness of these passages, and makes for safety. Also effectual as a Nasal Douche. Delightful in use, and indispensable to cleanly people. Chemists sell 100 for 2s. 6d., 250 for 5s. 3d., or post free.

WESTERN DENTAL MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.,
76, Wigmore Street, London, W.1. Samples 3d. stamps.

BIRD'S Custard greatly helps up the standard of nourishment at mealtimes.

Milk is universally known to be the most nutritious of natural foods. The important fact for Mothers to grasp in these days of rationed foods is that Bird's Custard makes an addition of 25% to the nutritive value of milk.

Nature's great teaching is that "as the food, so the strength."—Plenty of Bird's Custard is necessary for the children who play hard, and for grown-ups who work hard.

Bird's Custard is a fine fragrant powder which, when combined with milk, transforms it from a thin fluid to a creamy satisfying dish. This golden Custard is welcomed always by hungry children or tired workers.

Bird's Nutritious Custard

has maintained its peerless quality in war time. To-day it is still as dainty and delicious as of old!

C302

THE GREAT SAFEGUARD AGAINST

TRENCH FEVER and LICE

It is proved TRENCH FEVER is caused by the TRENCH LOUSE.

'QUIT'—Invaluable Trench Ointment keeps Clothes Free. Tins 9d. Post Free 1/-.

These specially impregnated VESTS worn next the skin will keep the body perfectly free from infection.

3/- each. Post Free. LYSOL LTD (Dept V)
To all parts 3/4 two 6/6. Stratford London E.

SOME PERILS OF VENEREAL DISEASE.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, a representative body recognised by the Government. President, Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents, The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D., Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E. General Secretary, Mrs. A. C. Gotto, O.B.E.

No. 8.—"WORRYING IN SECRET."

Some people suspect that they have contracted Venereal Disease and are afraid to do anything about it. This is like a man who suspects the house may be on fire and is afraid to look. If you take the fire early, you can very likely put it out with a bucket of water; if you do nothing, the whole house may burn down. And it is very much the same with Venereal Disease. If these diseases are treated early, they can almost certainly be cured. If they are neglected, the gravest results may ensue.

At the slightest suspicion the doctor should be consulted at once. It is sheer folly to "worry in secret." There may be nothing the matter, but if there is the right thing to do is to face it with steadiness, courage and patience. There is no need for panic; worry only tends to make it worse.

False shame is sheer folly. The real shame is to remain uncured and thus risk passing on the disease to an innocent victim.

Even if no symptoms appear and a risk of infection has been taken, the doctor should be consulted at once (within a few hours if possible) for *preventive* treatment.

FREE TREATMENT.

Free treatment, under conditions of secrecy, is provided by the Government in most centres. Apply at the out-patients' department of the nearest hospital, or to the local Medical Officer of Health.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write to the Hon. Medical Secretary, N.C.C.V.D., 81, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, for free literature and information.

25/-

47/-

Send a postcard NOW for the Free Book of Diamond Jewellery, Watches etc. Thousands of bargains offered at next-to-

FACTORY PRICES

which save you ordinary retailers' profits.

Diamond & Gem Rings Fine gems set in hall-marked gold from - - 25/-

Send your postcard to-day.

See the Free Book for list of 37 Branches

H. SAMUEL,
189, Market St., Manchester.

H.SAMUEL, LTD

FORGET-ME-NOT REGIMENTAL SOUVENIR

CREST BROOCH

Gilt Enamel 2/- each
Silver ,, 4/6 ,,
Best enamel and finish.
ALL REGIMENTS.

Wholesale & Agents supplied
Globe Brooch M'f'r. Co. (Dept. B)
61, Bevington Rd., Birmingham.

'BULLETS' HOLIDAY PRIZES!

2ND Prize £20 | **FIRST £200 PRIZE** | **3RD Prize £10**

40 PRIZES OF 10/- | **200 PRIZES OF 5/-** | **1,000 PRIZES of 2/6** | **3,000 TARGET PRIZES**

And 20 HOLIDAY PRIZES of £5 each

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: Example:—THE PROPER PLACE. Bullet:—for CONSIDERATION, THE TRENCHES. Example:—IN A MUDDLE. Bullet:—THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for Sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated August 17th. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in WOMAN'S, dated July 27th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 295.

THE FRENCH WAY	AMERICAN FIGHTERS	A BIG FAILURE	TOMMY'S PLUCK
CHEERING NEWS	WINNING THEIR WAY	FEELING SICK	WHEN IN CHARGE
APPROACHING FAST	THE HIDDEN HAND	WHEN INTERNED	LAND GIRLS
THE GERMAN MARK	FIGHTING SHY	ROOM FOR MORE	LODGER'S WHISKEY
GOOD LICKING	TEA AND SUGAR	IF YOU PLEASE	RAILWAY PORTER
HOLIDAY PRIZES	NOT AT WORK	GEORGE ROBEY	IN A MUDDLE
WHAT FLAPPER LOVES	THE PROPER PLACE	STOLEN KISSES	MY FAVOURITE
FATHER'S HOLIDAY	OLD FRIENDS	POPPING THE QUESTION	THE KAISER WON'T

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 1st

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(295) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 1st

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(295) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 295. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 296.

SEASIDE SWEETHEART	GLAD TO LEARN	FORBIDDEN FRUIT	DECLINED WITH THANKS
WHAT FATHER FANCIES	STANDING BY	MOST DANGEROUS TO	DENSE CROWD
MANY THANKS	FOURTEEN DAYS' LEAVE	DEAR SHOPPING	LOSING HIS TEMPER
FULL OF FIGHT	GERMAN BONDS	A THICK HEAD	WINNING HAND
COMMON COMPLAINT	NOT GOOD FORM	PRESENT DAY	KAISER'S PET AVERSION

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, AUGUST 8th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **296** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" **No. 296,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two examples for Competition 295.

Result of 292nd "Bullets" Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £200:

Mr. JOHN BAYLEY,
9, Sullivan Street, Nottingham.

Example:—OUR ARMY.
Bullet:—"GREAT" AND "SMALL" PAY.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. A. W. DAVIES,
27, Eckstein Road, Clapham Junction, S.W.11.

Example:—HELPING THE ENEMY.
Bullet:—THEIR "SUFFERING" THE CONSEQUENCE.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mrs. L. TINKLER,
16, Calder Avenue, Halifax.

Example:—ALIEN ENEMIES.
Bullet:—SNAPPING JOBS—AND FINGERS.

FIVE PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. R. NUTTALL, 1, Maple Street, Rochdale: ALIEN ENEMIES—"COOL" BUT NOT "COLLECTED."
Mr. C. CHARLES, 15, Somerset St., Laibach, Port Talbot: AFTER ALL—IRISH "QUESTION" EVERYTHING.
Mr. E. PRICE, 1, College Ave., Rhos, Colwyn Bay: HELPING THE ENEMY—NOT AUSTRIA, EVIDENTLY. (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. J. MOORE, 6, Thorngate Road, Maida Hill, London: AUSTRIA'S END—MEN "FALLING" WOMEN "RISING."
Mrs. V. ARNOLD, 15, Warwick Street, Oxford: OUR ARMY—HANDS OFF, ALSO HATS.

TEN PRIZES OF £1 EACH:

Mrs. L. CARTER, 69, Windsor Road, Holloway, N.: A BAD MEMORY—COURT POLICEMAN'S DIFFICULTY NEVER.
Mr. H. TAYLOR, 24, Pwllgwaun Rd, Pontypridd, S.Wales: TOP HOLE—NOT ONE GERMANY'S IN.
Sapper W. PICKARD, R.E., 2, Council House St., Dover: IN SAFE KEEPING—KAISER THINKS BELGIUM.
Mr. C. J. WHITE, 24, Maxim Road, Crayford, Kent: IN A TOTTERING STATE—POSTMAN ARRIVES AT DONINGTON.
Mrs. W. E. REED, 22, Clyde Street, Clydebank, near Glasgow: ALIEN ENEMIES—HOSPITAL SHIPS SHOULD HOLD.
Mr. L. GROOME, c.o. Foster's Express, Ltd., 82, Fore Street, London, E.C.: MAKES WIFE CURIOUS—"FOR SUCH IS WIFE." (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. D. CAMERON, St. Ola, Fort William, N.B.: OVERDRESSED—SOLDIERS BUT NOT WIVES.
Mr. J. HOLT, 61, Eleanor Road, Stratford, E.: FIT FOR NOTHING—TOMMY—IF JACK FAILED.
Miss S. FORRESTER, 142, St. Clair St., Kirkcaldy, Fife: TOP HOLE—ANY "HOLE" AFTER RUHLEBEN.
Mr. R. THOMPSON, 124, Sidney Gve., Newcastle-on-Tyne: NO TROUBLE—ONLY THING GERMANY "SPARES."

List of 192 Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition 292 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, combined with originality. The right to divide prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE.

Anyone can be insured irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child), who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days up to	£10

ORDER FORM

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To.....Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

July 27th, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL
Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent

of.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr. Mrs.. or Miss)

Home address.....

July 27th, 1918. .....

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is required.

NOW READY

ALL INVESTORS SHOULD POSSESS

"THE 100 BEST INVESTMENTS"

ANNUAL VOLUME.

Which contains up-to-date details of 100 specially selected securities, covering the whole available field of investment—from National War Bonds to Ordinary Shares in Industrial Companies—a number of useful tables and hints on income-tax, &c., of value to everyone concerned with the remunerative employment of capital. Also a complete list of companies paying interest or dividends free of income tax.

The introductory article deals fully with the question of Investment Under Existing Conditions.

Post free on receipt of 1/- from the Publishers.

The British, Foreign and Colonial Corporation, Ltd., Investment Bankers, 57, Bishopsgate, London, E.C. 2.

Soothing as an Old time Melody
Spinet
The SUPER CIGARETTE
Fine Old Virginia, Cork Tipped, Oval
1/4 for 20
Also in boxes of 50 & 100
Spinet MIXTURE for the pipe.
1/11 per 2 oz. Packet.
R & J. HILL LTD LONDON.

Ideal Terms

(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Mth.
£10 ...	£0 5 6
£20 ...	0 11 0
£30 ...	0 16 6
£40 ...	1 2 0
£50 ...	1 7 6
£100 ...	2 15 0
£200 ...	5 10 0
£500 ...	13 15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

On Every Single Thing—

YOU will find the proof that "Money buys more at the 'Midland'" on every single piece of furniture in the "Midland" Salons. Go and look at the price of any article you like out of the £100,000 worth of beautiful furniture given you to select from.

Read the plainly marked figures. Then compare them with what you would be asked elsewhere for furniture of anything like the same quality. Your own experience, your own knowledge of business—your own eyes will convince you that

Money buys more at the "Midland."

Whether it be in the more artistic design, in the superior wood and upholstery, in the finer workmanship, or in the bargain price, you always secure better value for your money by furnishing at the "Midland." And the "Midland" Ideal Terms enable you to get just what you want without touching your capital. You can pay for £500 worth as easily as for £5 worth: out of income, at your own convenience. The "Midland" charge nothing for credit—no interest—no deposit—no extras whatsoever.

Free Fire, Aircraft and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms is insured against damage by Fire, Aircraft Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.

10% Discount for Cash or War Loan Scrip.

A CHARMING DRAWING-ROOM SUITE, designed by the Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

Governing Director, **GEORGE MICHAEL,** *who has been associated with the business for 40 years.*

Hours—9 till 6. **Sats.—9 till 1.**

Rail Fares Paid

Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

WONDERFUL MEDICINE FREE—AND WHY.

Story of a Great Discovery Whose Vitalising Powers Astonish Doctors.

FULL MONTH'S SUPPLY FOR FAIR TRIAL. NO MONEY ASKED.

Readers of JOHN BULL should take advantage without delay of our liberal offer to send a month's supply of the natural Vitaliser, "Vitæ-Ore," for free trial. Thousands have already experienced its marvellous effects—the new vital energy which it gives, its power of renewing the health and vigour of all.

SENSATIONAL BENEFIT.

The result has been to cause a real public sensation. Vitæ-Ore has attracted attention by the way that it has given new life and virility to thousands of languid, anxious and exhausted men. It has restored grace and healthy charm to thousands of tired, weary careworn women, and to girls whose development to womanly life has been delayed. The vital forces are powerfully and noticeably increased by Vitæ-Ore. What is the result? In the office, the factory, at social gatherings, at work, and in hours of leisure people are telling each other how much Vitæ-Ore has done for them that no ordinary medicine could do.

All who wish to share in this wonderful benefit should write at once for a month's supply.

NOT A PATENT MEDICINE.

Vitæ-Ore is not a patent medicine. The British Government recognises this by exempting it from stamp duty.

Vitæ-Ore is the residue of a natural healing spring, found in the desert by Prof. Noel, a famous geologist, and tested and approved by medical men of the highest standing.

HIGHEST MEDICAL APPROVAL.

The *Lancet*, the most important medical journal in the world, which would never give the authority of its world-famous columns to anything without the best scientific basis, publishes this statement:

"*The clinical results obtained were satisfactory.*"

Vitæ-Ore is perfectly harmless, and free from the slightest ill-effects. A fair trial for a month is offered. Fill up the coupon at once. Do not delay. Receive the benefit NOW.

ITS WIDE SCOPE.

Dissolved in water, Vitæ-Ore not only gives new health and tonic strength through its vitalising power, but has directly beneficial action upon many stubborn diseases, and has produced numberless cures in cases of

Nervous Weakness	Rheumatism
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Dyspepsia	down" conditions
Neurasthenia	resulting from
Neuritis	Stomach, Liver and
Anæmia	Kidney Weakness.

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You are asked to use Vitæ-Ore for a month and watch the result. You are to be the judge of the benefit. If the result is satisfactory—if Vitæ-Ore does you good—you pay 4s. 6d. for the whole month's supply. If you are not benefited, simply write and say so and we ask nothing at all. It is a fair "no benefit no pay" offer.

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Name .....

Age .....

Address .....

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NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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